



Promises, Promises by Moonlight Willows

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Summary: Kelly, was Billy Hargrove's best friend before a lot of things went down hill for him. Moving away means Billy loses that special bond that kept him somewhat sane.

Promises, Promises

Hey All, lol so I just staid up all night writing this. I'm trying to flesh out an OC I've thought up for a while. I will be using her in a much longer story with another ST character. Hope you enjoy! :)

It was summer, July 21st of 1979

Around every Saturday at noon, Billy Hargrove would race out the house behind his father's back and catch the bus. The old man liked sitting in front of the television with a couple of beers by the stand. The man was hopeless. As much as he promised that he would get sober there was never any sign of him improving or changing. Billy would have to bribe his twerp step sister, Max, with money or promises so she could keep her mouth shut on where he was going if she caught him. Luckily, Max and his step mother were out shopping at the grocery store.

The bus stop was only a half a mile walk away from his families' apartment in North Hollywood. Upon arrival the bus had already made its round around the corner and Billy was first to get on. Billy could see and feel a lot of eyes locked on him as he gazed for a seat to take. People whispered among themselves.

Billy knew it might've been because of his age, he had only just recently turned twelve. Or it was his get up. He had also pierced his own ear. There was a long sterling silver cross dangling from his lobe. He wore all denim except for his shirt which was black and spelt, KISS, his favorite band at the moment. He knew by being there the old folks especially would see him as a delinquent. It's never anything new, nor did it upset him. He slunk down on an empty seat next to a younger man near the window, not much older than him, but he sure did mind his own business.

Billy tugged at his denim sleeved jacket as there were people on the opposite side of the aisle prying their eyes at his wrist. Yes, he had slit his arms and barely his wrist the other day after his dad punished him for knocking Max out of a chair. If only these people knew what

was done to him after a simple push led to him having to pick out glass from his back almost all night long. The day was hot yes, but there were plenty of scars to hide.

It took a little over an hour for the bus to get at the exact destination Billy was going. Before the bus stopped, Billy was already up from his seat and headed down the aisle to get off before anyone else. If it's any place where he felt comfortable without judgment, it was Venice Beach. For two years he'd come out here to see his best friend. They made it a ritual after hitting it off in summer day camp and she'd invite him to her condo on the beach.

He could see her now, Kelly; she was sitting on a bench with two ice cream cones in her hands. She was the only person and thing in this world that could make him smile any more. Kelly glanced over her shoulder at Billy and returned a smile to him. She got up from the bench and walked through the fun and screaming crowd. She stretched out one of the ice cream cones to him. Billy took it from her hand. "Thanks Kel."

"The shop was almost out of strawberry. You lucked out my friend." Kelly observed her friend. "Billy, you okay?"

Kelly scanned Billy's face. She always knew how to read him. He also never wore a jacket when it was hot out unless something major had happened. Without saying a word, Kelly took Billy's hand and led him to her condo behind the fence where there would be privacy, she closed the gate behind them. She put her ice cream down on the pavement and rolled up Billy's sleeve to reveal his cuts. Billy didn't fight away, however he winces when he saw the look on Kelly's face.

Kelly still found herself speechless and without looking away. Her face began to crinkle up. Billy knew this was upsetting his friend for too long. He tugged at Kelly's arm and pulled her into an embrace.

They were that way for a while. Both of them were speechless, and both just being there for each other. They share almost the same trauma. They understand other more than they ever will another person, at least that's how they put it. Kelly was no stranger to how her friends' father treats him. When she lived in Indiana her uncle would babysit her a lot and abuse took place as well. She was only

six and very old enough to remember. It was hardly physical abuse, most was substance abuse. He treated his own wife and her cousins like shit as well. The family were constantly separating and making up. But never again would Kelly want anything to do with her uncle ever again.

Billy and Kelly broke away from their hug. Billy can see Kelly wanted to ask him something so he was going to break the ice. "It was really bad. I had left my room to get a soda, I come back and Max would not get off my desk chair where I was doing my homework. She had done doodles on my worksheet, so yes I griped her and threw her off the chair." Billy pauses and continued. "I know I shouldn't have done that. She's only eight, but she wasn't hurt or anything. Max ran out crying so my dad came in locking my room door behind him. He threw punches at my stomach and I was tossed against my mirror. I spent almost all night getting glass out from my back and side."

Kelly couldn't stay silent any longer. "Billy we have to go to the police. If not them then we need to tell someone."

Billy shakes his head. "No."

"Don't shake your head at me."

"Please Kelly. He's my family. He's all I got left of family too. Kelly?" He waited for an answer.

"I just don't want this to escalate into something really bad."

"I'll just be more careful from now on." Billy shivered.

"Billy, you don't know what it will be the next time. He could get mad at almost nothing and attack you. You should let someone know. I can help you." Kelly said with tears formed in her eyes. "Let me help you."

Billy's eyes locks onto hers. A shifting noise is made in the front yard. Both of them look over. A moving man is carrying boxes into a truck parked near the entrance of the condo.

Billy and Kelly lock eyes again. "What's the moving truck all about?" Billy asked.

Kelly was getting speechless again and the tears that formed in eyes had finally run down her face. "I was going to tell you soon." She whispered and cleared her throat. "These past two weeks haven't been making it easy on me to tell you."

Billy shrugged. "Kelly you can come to me for anything. Wasn't it you who told me your family motto that friends don't lie?"

"It's not lying," Kelly wiped her tears away. "I just didn't know how to tell you. But I was going to."

"So, you won't be living on the beach anymore." Billy said as if trying to perk Kelly up. "We can always take the bus together. Or, depending on where you'll live now I can bike to you."

Kelly's face got cold. "What?" Billy asked.

Kelly walked to the stairway leading up to her condo and sat down. Billy followed suit.

"We won't be living in California anymore." Kelly explained. "My dad as know, he works for a remote job that has him relocate in different places. This time it's on the east coast."

Billy gulped and shivered some more. He got up from the steps and Kelly could hear him breathing heavily. There was nothing but the sound of distant joy from the people on the beach and heavy breathing. All the sounds were blocking the clash of the waves.

"Why would your dad tear us apart like this?"

"Billy, this is his job. He's not doing this on purpose to separate our friendship. He cares for you too." Kelly stood up to stand by Billy; she caressed his back and laid her head on his shoulder.

"You realize you're the only person I care about right? Since my mom left I never had anyone care for me so much like you do. Now we're going to be split apart."

"I still expect you to write me. Or try to call every once and a while. I'll come and visit as much as I can"

Billy shrugged Kelly off of his shoulder. "It isn't the same. You're the only person I hug, laugh with and spend time with. I won't have that anymore. I won't have that with anyone. If I do a simple hug won't be real like ours. I feel things with you, Kelly." He pauses. His hair stands up on end preparing what he was about to say. "I love you alright. I don't think, I know. When you're gone I'll go crazy, I won't feel anything anymore. You're the only person saving me."

Kelly didn't realize her heart could beat as fast as it was. Could she return his feelings? They were just kids, kids soon to become teens. She'd never thought about having boyfriends or considered Billy to be one. She wanted to enjoy being a kid while it would last. Then it hit her. All this time with Billy, she rarely had any other friends besides him and no other guy friends. She cared deeply about him. They were always spending time together. If she were not moving then yes it most likely would've turned out that she and Billy could've gotten into a relationship. She didn't want to think about it anymore. It was beginning to tear at her heart.

"Billy I love you too." She found herself saying. "If I were older and it was up to me I'd stay, but I can't."

Billy nods. "Just forget about it. It's no bother now."

Billy jogs down the steps and Kelly follows him down to the gate. Before he could make a break for it Kelly slams the gate with her hand. "Billy, I want to still be friends. Let me still be a part of your life."

Billy didn't say anything. He sighed heavily and pressed his forehead gently on hers. He brushed some of her light brown hair out from her eyes to look at them. "Move Kelly," He said sternly.

It was cold. Sure Kelly heard Billy talk that way, but never directly toward her. Kelly stepped back, Billy gave her one last look before opening the gate and left.

Later, Billy woke up after a nap which he had cried himself to sleep after a tantrum. His room was messier than ever. He didn't think about that. Billy sat up feeling bad at how he reacted in front of Kelly. He never, ever intended to be harsh. He was upset and he blew

it.

Billy rubbed his eyes and grabbed his clock to see what time it was. 2:00AM.

He wanted to wait until later to go back and apologize to Kelly, but he couldn't wait. In the same get up he cleared off his desk and quietly opened up his window to crawl out. Billy made his way around back to his front porch to see if he had left his back there, he did. Billy unlocked his bike and hitched on top.

After forever, Billy reached the condo. It was all around dark. Billy remembered that the family usually left one room with the light on, such as the kitchen or the living room. He hopped off his bike and brought it inside the fenced area where he placed it down. Billy ran up the steps to one of the windows. He tried to peering in, it was too dark. Billy knew it was stupid but he tried the bolt knob, however it opened for him.

Billy waited a bit before entering the condo. From what he could tell the place was empty. He switched a light on to see where he was going, which was to Kelly's room. It's been a while since he's been in it. His heart stopped once he switched the light on and it was empty except for a sheet less bed. Billy sunk his back up against the doorway. He started to cry. He was too late. There was something that caught his eye on the bed.

Billy tried to pull himself together walking over to a folded up sheet of paper. It said in big letters "BILLY" on the front.

He looked at it hard, tracing his name with his fingertips where Kelly wrote. Slowly but surely he opened the piece of paper up.

Again Billy,

Billy chuckles. He'd always loved Kelly's sense of humor.

I'm not mad with how you reacted. I've been feeling the same way for two weeks. I just want you to know that the time we had together I'll never regret in my entire life. You're my first real best friend. The other thing, I wish we could've worked that out in the long run. Please, if things get

awful again promise me you'll seek help. Don't be a stranger.

Po Box 3### Columbia, SC

PS I love you too

Kelly Byers

Billy must've read it over 50 times before getting up to leave. Billy placed the note in his back pocket. His vision was blurry going outside. He got his bike and carried it to the front of the condo where he got a glimpse of the 'For Sale' sign. Then he could feel the anger rush in him again. He screamed and began kicking the sign, denting it and pulling it from out of the ground.

Neighbors turned on their lights. One neighbor in particular bellowed down at Billy. "Hey kid! Stop that and go home!"

"Go to hell!" Billy shouted back. "All of you. Just go hell."

Billy picked up his bike and pedaled out of there. Maybe it's a good thing Kelly left, Billy thought. He was nothing but a bad person. He knew his issues, they were awful, and it was best Kelly forgot about him. He loved her that much.

So the PO Box has pound signs because I'm not going to give out any real address. Thank you for reading :)